

Cymric Literature From Home And Abroad...

Welsh writers are often justly criticised by the English and American press for their extravagant manipulation of the pen of praise. Writers in daily newspapers can be easily excused for their unbridled exaggerations, but the monthly magazine, where ample time is given the writer to deliver his utterances with discrimination, discretion and good judgment, should be able to give a fair picture...

Y CHYR A'R LLFFYFANT. Ar llydan yn f'werddis ddol Yr ych a boran'n hapus Ond sech i kwrd'n mlaen ac ol...

THE ROBERT MORRIS POEM. Were it only this poem the recent esteddfod had produced, it more than filled its mission in the field of literature; it was more than faithful to the traditional truths of the esteddfod in better days. A fertile and well disciplined mind was discovered, and a charming little poem worthy of the lambent deeds of a worthy ancestor has been produced.

THE LOYAL KNIGHTS. It is now understood that the Loyal Knights, the majority of whom, we understand, have Welsh blood running through their veins, contemplate holding an esteddfod on a larger scale than has been held heretofore for many years, and that the prizes will be much larger both in the literary and musical departments.

NOTES. During last year forty-seven new libraries were established in connection with Sunday schools in North Wales.

Colonel Lewis Llysnewydd, is the sixth member of his family to hold the office of high sheriff. The first was appointed in 1706.

The late output of the United States has materially benefited from the Penryn quarry, which has been having an unprecedented advance in the export trade.

The Craftsman announces that the Dean of Llandaff is intended to allude to the cathedral to be used for the purpose of the forthcoming Masonic jubilee service, and that the R. W. Brother, the Bishop of Llandaff, will preach the sermon.

The Hon. Misses Rice, of Dynevor, were among the chorists who rendered the beautiful "Hymn of Praise" at the Llandilo Drill hall. The charming daughters of Lord Dynevor, among many other accomplishments, are possessed of beautiful voices, and their services are frequently given at local charitable concerts.

A writer calls attention to the fact that her Majesty has never visited the shrine of St. David. In the list of Royal visitors William the Conqueror figures. He was there in 1079, King

Henry II. honored Bishop David Fitzgerald with his company in 1171, and King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor in 1284, when Bishop Becon held the see. It is by no means remarkable in these traveling days that pilgrimages to St. David's have become of rare occurrence, but the people of Hereford and Newcastle, is benefiting considerably by her rest at Craig-y-Noe, and has arranged to make her first appearance in London this season.

Mme. Adeline Patti, who was recently suffering from indigestion, which, though slight, was sufficient to warrant the artist in cancelling her engagements to sing at Sheffield and Newcastle, is benefiting considerably by her rest at Craig-y-Noe, and has arranged to make her first appearance in London this season.

Bishop Owen is the one hundred and nineteenth prelate who has filled the See of St. David, and the tenth John who has occupied the throne of Dewi. Most of his predecessors were Normans or Englishmen, and several of the names are so familiar to the baronous names as to make it difficult to believe they were natives. Among them are Haerwyn, Gwrgwynt, Maelgwyn, Sulhithayn, Arthwael, Rhydderch, Bleiddud, and Hyddymarch.

At a North Wales esteddfod the other day the ceremony of chafing the successful poet was participated in by Professor Morris Jones, whose vigorous onslaught upon the "antiquity" of Gorsedd the bards have never forgotten. Upon witnessing the novel sight a wag in the audience exclaimed: Cydunyr yr boll seindryr, Taraned yr trombone; Wn dyfynfa heb ddim ffrwd Darn fendith Morris Jones.

When Watcyn Wyn dies—may the day be far distant—there must be no brickwork in his grave. This is the bardic strict injunction, and to make assurance doubly sure, Watcyn, who dearly loves a joke, has written the following epitaph for his own grave-stone:

Carodd tra gallodd roi kiocks—ar ei hnt I m'of hon ralia; Ffarwellodd heb ddim ffrwd; Dyma'r brawd—a dim bricks!

A portrait sketch of the bishop of St. David's in the current number of Trysorfa'r Plant reveals the fact that he was baptised by the late Rev. Josiah Evans, Pembrey, Carmarthen, who will be remembered by many of our readers as one of the most respected old ministers belonging to the Calvinistic Methodist church of Wales. The bishop's mother, who resides with her son, is still a member of a Methodist church near Pwllheli.

An interesting article in the Trysorfa'r Plant for May deals with the changes wrought in place names in Jamaica by the abolition of slavery. Among other amusing place-names adopted by the negroes may be found the following: Comfort Castle, Envy Not, Happy Hut, Good Intentions, etc. The writer conjures up the following imaginary marriage announcement: Thomas Johnson, of Good Intention, to Sarah Murphy, of Never Expected It.

It is announced on what is described as "good authority," that Mr. Owen M. Edwards has definitely decided to sever his connection with the five Welsh magazines of which he is the founder and editor. If this is so, the loss of Welsh literature will be serious, for Mr. Edwards has given stimulus and direction to many Welsh writers during the last seven or eight years. Mr. Edwards, it is stated, will give up two of his magazines before the end of the year, and will gradually break off his connection with the others.

The Calvinistic Methodists were once outwitted in the Vale of Glamorgan, which is a thing of rare occurrence in their history. In 1842 a chapel site and a site for a small house came into their possession at Llanbethery, being the gift of one John Samuel. The trustees built a cottage on the premises, which was occupied by a man of the name of Spurrier for several years free of charge. At length Spurrier set up a claim to the house, by quiet possession, and the Corp was obliged to pay him £45 before he would let go.

The Rev. J. E. Jones, the editor of the Ymofnydd, was then deceived as Mr. O. M. Edwards, the editor of Cymru, had been discovered in an antiquated chest.

The Synod of the Presbyterian church of England which recently at Sunderland celebrates the jubilee of its Missionary society, listened with delight to a racy speech by the Rev. John Wil-

liams, of Cardiff, in which he related how the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales celebrated the jubilee of their Missionary society four or five years ago. On that occasion the churches in Wales raised a missionary fund of £30,000, and to this was afterwards added another £30,000, the handsome donation of a wealthy member of the denomination in North Wales. One of the stories which Mr. Williams related was the following: At a certain chapel, after a forcible and eloquent appeal, the preacher invited promises of subscriptions. There was for a moment a dead silence, but presently a brother in the far end of the building gave a significant nod, and then slowly raising his arms, and spreading the fingers of both hands—his wife sat near him—indicated by dumb show that he would give £10. "And that," added the pastor of the Memorial hall, "was the only time in my life I felt sorry that there were no more than ten fingers on a man's hand!"

"Gwenllian Gwynedd," which is the pen name of the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley Owen, the mother of Lord Kenyon, appears among the contributors of the day number of Wales, with a delightful little item of original research entitled "One of Our Forgotten Princes." Mrs. Bulkeley Owen is one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the Prince Llewelyn Memorial, and a few days ago a paper written by her on the subject was read to a crowded meeting of Liverpool Welshmen by Lord Kenyon. The "Forgotten Prince," whose career she delineates in the current number of Wales, is not, however, Ein Llyw Olaf, but a Prince Evan of Wales (Evan ap Edmund), a great nephew of Llewelyn, who, during the three years of his reign, which followed the death of Llewelyn, fled to France and took refuge with King Philip VI. The records of his many deeds of valor in the service of the French king which Mrs. Owen has extracted from Froissart and other historians, and the account of his tragic death at the hands of a hired assassin, are here set forth at length, and Mrs. Bulkeley suggests that those Cymru who spend their holidays in visiting unfrequented parts of France need not be better than search for the burial place of Evan ap Edmund, who, according to Froissart, "was buried in the church of St. Leger, half a league distant

WHAT MY LOVER SAID. (Reprinted by request.) By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom, In the orchard path he met me; In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume, And I tried to pass, but he made no room, Oh, I tried, but he would not let me. So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red, With my face bent down above it, While he took my hand as he whispered: (How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head, To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide, And the low, wet grass went the path to hide; But I could not pass upon either side, For I found myself, when I vainly tried, In the arms of my steadfast lover, And he held me there and he raised my head, While he closed the path before me, And he looked down into my eyes and said: (How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er head, To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way, I could surely then have passed him, And he knew I never could wish to stay, And would not have heard what he had to say, Could I only aside have cast him. It was almost dark, and the moments sped, And the searching night wind found us, But he drew me nearer and softly said: (How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead, To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast, That I must be all unwilling; For I tried to go, and I would have passed, As the night was come with its dew, at last, And he held me close when I would have fled, And he made me hear his story, And his soul came out from his lips and said: (How the stars crept out where the white moon led, To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell, Will I'm sure that the wind, precious rover, Will carry my secret so safely and well That no being shall ever discover One word of the man that rapidly fell From the soul-speaking lips of my lover; And the moon and the stars that looked over Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell They would round about us that night in the dell, In the path through the dew-laden clover, Nor echo the whispers that made my lover's heart, As they fell from the lips of my lover, Homer Greene.

King Solomon and his million mothers-in-law. Copyright, 1897, by Mitchell & Miller.

Hot Flashes. General Derangement and Nervousness Preceded by Stomach Trouble.

Blood Disorder and Nervousness of Years Standing. From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill. Mrs. Christiana Foster is a matron of Mattoon, who has recently been restored to the ranks of health after many years of suffering.

SCRANTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29th, Exhibition Grounds--Near Base Ball Park.

THE GREAT ADAM FOREPAUGH AND SELLS BROTHERS' AMERICA'S GREATEST SHOW. Consolidated. The Nation's Show. The World's Wonder.

The Witch-Winged Inverted Aerial Bicycle. An incomprehensibly Mysterious and Marvelous Performance. Just as Pictured, with Naught Apparent to Sustain Such Inexplicable Wizard Feats and Flights.

The Only Trained Sea Lions and Seals. 3 Herds of Wisest Elephants. Pair of Giant Hippopotamuses, Tremendous Two-Horned Sumatran Rhinoceros, Snow White Polar Bear, Etc.

DOUBLE FREE PARADES. Of Rarest Sights and Pageants, THE ONLY GREAT ONE COMING. Two Performances Daily, at 2 and 5 p. m. Doors Open an Hour Earlier.

ADMISSION TO ALL, 50 CENTS. Children Under 9 Years, Half Price. Seating Capacity, 15,000, 25 Uniformed Ushers, Numbered Coupons, Actually Reserved Seats. ON SALE AT L. B. POWELL & CO., 218 WYOMING AVENUE

ASK FOR THE B&KLET ON LIGHT AND BURN CROWN ACME OIL. GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD AND IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO. SCRANTON STATION, S. H. ALBRO, Principal, Mansfield, Pa.

